

Sitting, Wishing, Waiting

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Sitting, Wishing, Waiting

by [nationalnobody](#)

Summary

Never the first choice unless it's past midnight and there's no one else around to see.

Sapnap's shameful little secret, Karl Jacobs.

Notes

this one's for selvish whom i love w my whole heart, hope you like it c:

title from lucky people - waterparks

(also, jason - bonnie parker is a *really* fitting song for this fic)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's twenty-four past one in the morning when his phone finally buzzes. He hates that he's stayed up for it yet again and he hates that the stupid texts always send his head spinning.

our park? 5 mins?

Karl's fingers type out a response before his brain can even process Sapnap's text. He'd call it a habit but the implications of that aren't something he wants to think about right now.

yea :)

It's not the first time and it definitely won't be the last and lately, he's been wondering more and more why he does this to himself. Maybe it's because he's never known anything else or maybe, he *likes* being Sapnap's best kept secret.

That's what he tried telling himself anyway but after the first few months, it quickly grew tiresome and lonely. The quick glances in the hallway and stolen kisses in the stalls couldn't stave off the feelings of doubt and worthlessness that festered at the edges of his mind.

He sighs, shakes his head, picks up his sneakers and gently opens his window. His hands grasp the ledge as he lowers himself onto his tiled roof before quickly latching onto the large oak tree in his backyard and climbing down.

When he reaches the entrance to his street, his phone buzzes again.

eta?

Sapnap's texts are always short and straight to the point and Karl hates it because it makes their relationship feel even more transactional. He always knew he wouldn't get the cliché high school romance he wanted but sometimes he catches himself wishing that he and Sapnap could make their own version of it, if not a little torn but taped where it mattered.

The brisk Autumn wind brushes past him and he pauses, fingers only a little frosty as he caves and types out a reply.

like 2 mins

tree was a bit damp so was hard to get down

The reply is instantaneous and Karl fights down the beginnings of a tiny smile. Not that he had anyone to hide from at 1:30am in the middle of a suburban street but he doesn't want to make those tiny Sapnap-induced smiles any more of a habit.

be safe

He doesn't send anything back. The park enters his sight and he tugs down the sleeves of his thin long sleeve shirt in an attempt to warm his fingers. It doesn't really work but it's better than nothing, he thinks.

The park bench he passes is dewy and he desperately hopes that their usual area will be dry. As he nears it, he feels his phone buzz again, it's a little unusual he'll admit. Sapnap typically doesn't text him that much after he's left the house.

He's only ten or so metres away from Sapnap but he opens the text anyway.

don't make me call you and don't die

He knows he's hit rock bottom of this relationship when, even though he's only Sapnap's secret, stupid texts like these make his heart race and his hands shake.

Before he even reaches their spot, right beside an old but still sturdy tree, he sees the faint glow of

Sapnap's phone.

He makes sure his voice doesn't quiver as he says, "Hi Sap."

Sapnap's eyes shift toward him, taking him in. The attention is finally undivided and it makes Karl want to hide somewhere, even though Sapnap's attention is what he's been yearning for as of late.

"Hey pretty boy, aren't you cold?" The words leave Karl breathless, he hates the effect Sapnap has on him and he hates it more that he can't even have more than a five minute conversation with him at school.

Karl huffs, "Nope!" and purposely places his hand on the cold metal of the park bench. Sapnap laughs and pulls his hand away.

"Didn't see you at school today, where'd you run off to?"

Karl motions for them to sit down on the hopefully not damp ground, "I was there. I think you were busy with Becca and the other cheerleaders."

He can feel Sapnap cringe a little now that they're sitting shoulder to shoulder.

"And why exactly aren't you in my lap?" Sapnap questions, incredulous, and Karl blushes, both smitten with the idea and angry that Sapnap was avoiding what he was implying. Regardless, it's not an opportunity Karl will pass up and soon enough, his back is pressed against Sapnap's chest with his legs out in front of him, worn Converse sitting between chopped blades of grass.

The leaves rustle against themselves as the wind picks up speed and suddenly, he feels overwhelmed by Sapnap's short silence so he scrambles for the first topic he can think of that isn't about how much he wants them to be official.

"What's Dream up to these days?" He asks. Karl would be an idiot if he hadn't noticed that ever since Dream came out and left the football team, he's been hanging out with Sapnap less and less. Maybe it's the association with the team but Karl's always known Dream to be incredibly loyal to his friends. He has no real source of information other than George but the only time Karl sees him these days is during AP Physics and they're usually too swamped with work to do much talking.

The question sits in the air for a few seconds too long and he feels Sapnap stiffen the slightest bit, "He's uh, he's just doing his own thing. Making videos or something." Karl notes that there's no mention of George even though Sapnap knows he and Dream are dating, "...and studying, I guess?"

They've had a larger than expected falling out is what Karl gets from it.

"You okay?"

Surprisingly, Sapnap continues, "Yeah... I just said some things I shouldn't have and I've been doing some things I shouldn't be."

It's vague but Karl knows it's the best he'll get for a while. He asks anyway, "Should I pry?"

Sapnap laughs and tightens the grip he has around Karl's waist, kissing the top of his head, mumbling no. Karl's breath catches in his throat for more than one reason.

"Is it okay if we have lunch tomorrow at school?" He feels pathetic as the words tumble out of his mouth, "It's been a while." He adds on, hoping to sound even a fraction less of the loser he sounded like five seconds ago.

Sapnap sighs, "I promised the team I'd eat with them."

Though he doesn't explicitly state it, Karl understands the implication. The *team*. Not his football team who he's eaten with basically every single day since the Dream incident, but the cheerleading team.

He feels something in his gut twist and an ugly voice searing him with his own thoughts, *never the first choice unless it's past midnight and there's no one else around to see*.

Sapnap's shameful little secret, Karl Jacobs.

He feels tears form at the corners of his eyes but he violently blinks them back, he's gone too long without saying something.

"Okay, we'll have lunch another time then?" Sapnap nods against him and his hands move from rubbing his sides gently to trailing lower and Karl hates how he gets caught up in it. He loves Sapnap, loves him so much and he should be back in bed asleep dreaming about rough hands holding his right after Sapnap's team wins the big game.

Instead, he's here at two in the morning in a dimly lit park, ready to please him however he can and he hates that about himself.

He whines when he feels Sapnap's fingers ghost over his jeans and he twists around so he can pull him in for a kiss. When it ends, Sapnap has barely moved two inches from Karl's face.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me, Karl?"

The words are husky and full of promise and as he grinds down onto Sapnap's lap, Karl feels the heat licking up his spine. He manages to breathe out a yes.

A wicked grin, hands on his hips and lips on his neck are all Karl needs to come undone.

There's no time for rumination when Sapnap is making his head loll and his toes curl, whispering how much he can't wait to cum down Karl's pretty little throat. Karl realises by the end of it that Sapnap always makes good on his promises.

They're both breathless, startling when Sapnap's phone starts ringing. He scrambles to turn it off and at Karl's questioning look softly says, "An alarm... It's 3am we should start heading home."

The disappointment he's filled with is almost unbearable, staved off only by the fact that this whole routine was so familiar to him. Against his logical brain, his heart decides it wants to push its luck, "Please Sap, just another five?" It works but not in the way he wants it to. Sapnap tensely agrees and Karl isn't sure why five minutes even matters so much, it was still the dead of night anyway.

They hold each other a few minutes longer but much too soon, Sapnap is helping Karl to his feet and they're dusting off stray dirt and grass from each other. Karl doesn't want to go. He doesn't want to climb up the damp oak tree and settle into an empty bed with a head full of heavy thoughts.

"See you round, yeah? Text me once you're home." Sapnap's voice is the only sound left in the park, the wind having died down to barely a breeze.

Karl forces out a smile, "Yeah... See you round." He walks off towards the path before Sapnap can say anything else. Maybe he'll actually talk to George about this tomorrow.

Sapnap isn't good for him. Or, and it's the gut wrenching realisation that leaves him gasping for air, crumpled in a heap on the asphalt of his street, maybe it's that Karl isn't enough for him.

He feels his phone vibrate in his back pocket and for once, he lets his brain take over. He jumps the low fence and clambers up the tree, scratching his ankle on the rough bark as he reaches the roof and tumbles, as quietly as possible, into his room.

His hands are trembling as he unlaces his shoes and changes into his pyjamas, Sapnap's old jersey but the scent has long faded. He curls up under his weighted blanket, a Christmas gift from his mom, and falls into a tumultuous sleep.

When he wakes up, there's a distinct absence of a blaring alarm and the sun has already begun seeping through the cracks between his blinds. With a start, he realises that he's definitely going to be, or probably already, late. A glance at his phone confirms that yes he's late and not by a little bit either. Curiously, there are also two new texts from Sapnap.

You're missing English you know (Delivered 10:34am)

You okay? (Delivered 11:57am)

He wishes he had the heart to ignore it but he doesn't, so he shoots out a quick *I just slept in dw* and puts his phone away. It buzzes less than twenty seconds later. He fights back a small smile but doesn't check it until he's made his way to school and at his locker, pulling out his textbooks for his God forsaken AP Physics class.

Want me to cancel on Becca and the cheerleaders?

He sighs, he shouldn't have to beg for a minute of Sapnap's time and he shouldn't have to feel like he's emotionally blackmailing him either with the way that text sounds.

The bell rings and he heads off. When he enters the room, George is already sitting at their desk with his books sprawled out in front of him, idly texting someone it seemed. Karl knows it's probably Dream and as always, his thoughts somehow end up back at Sapnap.

George raises his head in greeting and smiles when Karl takes the seat beside him, "Hey George."

"Something's wrong?" Is the response he receives, although it's less like a question and more like a 'go on'. He'd almost forgotten how perceptive the British boy could be.

Well, this is what he wanted anyway, a chance to talk to George about what's been going on. He takes it.

"It's about Sapnap..." He starts and he hears George exhale loudly, the older interrupting him momentarily, "About time!"

Karl shakes his head at the implication and lets out a bitter laugh, "I don't want to hide anymore. There'll be moments where I'm fine with it and it's fun but I hate it, George. He barely talks to me at school and we only ever hang out after midnight. It's like..." Karl lets out a shaky breath, "It's like he's *ashamed* of me."

His eyes are wet, he knows it. For once, luck is on his side because nobody in his Physics class pays attention to anything or anyone besides their friends. He swipes at one of his eyes with the sleeve of his hoodie.

George looks at him, expression torn. "How long have you two..?"

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Karl continues, “Almost a year and a half.” He hears George’s sharp intake of breath and when he looks over to him, he’s scowling.

“That long?! Even Dream and I weren’t...” He trails off but Karl understands.

It seems as though all Karl does these days is sigh or lament about he and Sapnap’s arrangement. He winces at his choice of words. “I wanted to eat with him today but he’s having lunch with the cheer team.”

George is still furious, “How can he do that to you?” and Karl can only think, how can he do this to *himself*?

“Fuck him, come eat lunch with me and Dream. It’s been ages since we all hung out.” Karl smiles weakly, “You won’t mind?”

George scoffs and smacks Karl’s arm, voice pitching higher as he imitates Karl, “You won’t mind? Of course I don’t mind, idiot!”

The laugh that’s bubbling out of Karl is cut short by the door swinging open and their teacher walking in, stacks of paper in hand. Both he and George already know what this period will be spent doing.

The announcement of ‘quiz time!’ confirms it. Papers are distributed and pens are borrowed and Karl forces his mind to shift to theories and equations over Sapnap and the lunch. Quicker than he realises, the teacher is collecting their mostly finished quizzes and ushering them out for lunch. He knows he won’t fail but he’s not sure how much he’ll pass by either.

George grabs his arm and steers him towards the field, away from the cafeteria and away from where Sapnap would be.

Abruptly, George stops and Karl almost bumps into him.

“What’s up?” He asks as his eyes shift to where George is looking. Out on the almost empty football field, Sapnap and Dream are arguing and shoving each other.

Karl is ready for George to run in and intervene but instead, he leads the both of them beneath the bleachers to where they can hear what’s going on between the two without being seen and once again, Karl is left surprised by him. From where they’re squatting, they can hear the louder parts of Dream and Sapnap’s conversation.

“You’re a coward Sapnap.” Dream spits out, eyes glowering.

“You don’t understand, it’s not that easy.”

“I don’t understand? Did you forget what I went through? I didn’t do that just for me! I did it because he deserved better.”

Karl looks at George, his hands are gripping his lilac sweater tightly. There’s no one else Dream could be talking about.

He’s never seen Dream so angry before, “How long’s it been now? A fucking year and a half?! Don’t you see what you’re doing?”

Suddenly, Karl realises this is about him. *Them* . He feels sick.

“Just stay out of it!”

Dream shoves him again, “Why? So you can prance around with the cheerleaders and the team pretending you’re still in some fucked up straight high school romcom?!”

Sapnap says nothing. It shouldn’t sting but it does and it’s no surprise but he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t holding onto a sliver of hope that Sapnap would say something to defend them or at least himself.

He feels a hand on his knee, George’s, and mumbles a soft, “I’ll be fine.”

The conversation on the field goes quiet. He watches in helplessness as Dream pulls his fist back and punches Sapnap in the jaw, he stumbles backwards before tackling Dream to the ground. George scrambles out and sprints towards the field, years of track practise evident as he reaches them within moments.

Karl follows, slower.

“What the hell are you two doing?” He hears George shout.

He doesn’t want to get closer. His head hurts and there’s a large part of him that’s intensely worried about how Sapnap will react to seeing him now.

Dream and Sapnap stand, slightly bent and out of breath. Karl watches with bated breath as Sapnap wipes the blood seeping from his split lip.

He’s still walking towards them when Dream snarls the word ‘coward’ at Sapnap before grabbing George by the hand and storming off. In some twisted way, he’s grateful that he and Sapnap are alone now but he’s also terribly afraid.

His voice is barely a whisper when he makes his presence known, “Hi Sap...”

The air is heavy and he hates it. He wishes they were back at the park. He wishes it was 12am. He wishes that it didn’t have to be like this.

Sapnap’s voice is surprised and weary, all at the same time, “Karl...”

“How much did you hear?” Is the first thing out of his mouth and Karl despises it.

“Enough, I guess.”

“Can we go talk somewhere else?”

If it hurt before, it’s indescribable now. There are tears running down his cheeks before he can stop it, his voice comes out in gasps.

“I can’t do this Sapnap. I can’t keep doing this. *You* can’t keep doing this.” Sapnap looks panicked and for once, Karl doesn’t care. “If you were so ashamed of this, of *me*, you should’ve just said so. I just...I can’t do this anymore Sap.”

Sapnap’s expression is unreadable and he stumbles over his words, trying to get some type of explanation out but Karl doesn’t want to hear it.

He leaves and bites back the sob that catches in his throat when Sapnap doesn’t follow. It stings more knowing that he would’ve followed Sapnap anywhere and he’d never even have to ask.

He doesn't go to his fifth period History class, instead he sits in a corner of his room with his head in his hands. His phone has buzzed twice, both texts from George. *Of course.*

karl, are you okay? sorry, dream dragged me off earlier)-: also, i didn't tell dream anything so he and sapnap must have had a similar discussion before? idk??

hope ur okay, i'll let the teachers know you were feeling sick

The sheets on his bed remain as crumpled as they were this morning and Sapnap's jersey is right where he left it before rushing off to school. After he finally gets to his feet, shuts the blinds and pulls the blanket over his head, he thinks to himself, *things are really over now huh.*

He wakes up alone, as he has for the last seventeen years of his life, and aching, as he has been for the past year and a half. There's light chatter coming from downstairs, his parents are finally home. The room is dark and all he can hear is his own breathing, it unnerves him more than he wants to admit.

His phone is almost out of battery and he hates the way he feels when he sees he has a single text from Sapnap.

i'm sorry. see me tomorrow after the game?

And that's the difference between them. Sapnap requests where Karl begs and he hates that about himself.

He texts back *ok* and leaves it at that. A moment later, his phone vibrates.

be safe

There's no 'I love you', the words are too loaded for either of them to ever utter aloud, let alone text, not that he ever expected it anyway. 'Be safe' might be the closest thing to words of affection that he'll ever get from Sapnap. He tells himself he's fine with that, not that it matters anymore.

He types out a quick message to George before plugging his phone into the charger. It's 11pm and he's slept far longer than he should've. As he wonders if he'll be able to fall asleep again or not, he realises it's probably best if he takes a shower at least.

When he steps under the spray of the almost scalding water, a breathy moan escapes him. He misses Sapnap's calloused hands on his hips and kisses that always left him breathless. The soap is cold on his skin as he lathers it up, shaking the thoughts from his head as he scrubs.

Grabbing one of his fluffier towels, he wipes himself down. He isn't looking forward to tomorrow's game but he can't avoid Sapnap forever either, he's left with no other choice than to bite the bullet.

The hours pass by slowly as night bleeds into dawn with Karl shifting from video games to YouTube to a 1000 piece puzzle that's sat neglected in his closet for three years now. He doesn't finish it but he gets a fair way through it before realising it's time to get ready for school.

At least tomorrow's the weekend, he thinks. Tomorrow he can wallow in misery about how he broke off one of the most tragic, and somehow happiest, arrangements of his life. He already knows how tonight will go, Sapnap will apologise and say *it's for the best* and they'll part ways. Their eyes won't catch in the corridor anymore and he'll go to the park alone, sitting and wondering why they ever started this at all.

It's stupid to feel sad about getting shot down when he's the one who ended things but he can't help it. A year and a half of sneaking around while barely even appearing as friends in public leaves him feeling barren. He wants kisses on the bleachers and dates at the diner, something Sapnap can't give him so Karl has to do what's best for himself, give him up.

After rummaging through the closet for less than a minute, he decides that for the day ahead of him, he needs to be in one of his comfort clothes. Sapnap's jersey was out of the question. Instead, he picks out his favourite colour-block hoodie and slips it on, revelling in its familiar scent and warmth before heading out the door.

He doesn't see Sapnap in the hallways today. The day moves by slowly as he trudges from class to class. He doesn't even catch wind of George until he gets a text telling him he'll also be at the game and that they should meet up beforehand.

The classrooms are empty now but there are still cars in the parking lot and students loitering around, waiting for the game to start. He ends up meeting George right outside of Dream's sedan.

Bending to peer through the car's window, he asks, "You're not staying?"

Dream shakes his head, "I've got a shift at Shelby's at five. I'll be picking George up after the game though so if you need a ride, just tag along okay?"

Karl nods and says thanks while George says goodbye to Dream. They walk towards the bleachers without saying much other than how shit yesterday's Physics test was and how they're probably going to score another 56.

The crowd is beginning to bustle. They take their seats, two rows from the front, and suddenly, Karl wonders why George is even here. Dream doesn't play for the team anymore so he has no reason to be here other than...Karl.

"Thanks George." He says, voice quiet but still audible over the growing noise of the crowd.

The older boy furrows his brows, "Thanks?"

"For keeping me company today." He adds on as he looks towards the field. Their school's team is set to come out in another five minutes. The crowd is growing impatient with excitement as the cheerleaders continue their routine.

George grins at him and fishes out a packet of chips from his pocket.

"How does that even fit in there?" Karl asks between laughs.

"I make it work!"

He doesn't hear his phone buzz over the noise.

They know the team has started walking onto the field when the crowd hollers and claps, some of the girls shouting the names of their boyfriends or favourite players. Karl aches to say Sapnap's name.

His heart lurches when he finally spots Sapnap with his dirty blonde hair peeking out from his helmet and his new jersey stretched over broad shoulders. Somehow, their eyes meet and he sees Sapnap mouth something that he can't quite make out but it can't be more than two words. There's a flash of his favourite grin and Karl feels his stomach sink all over again.

The game is confusing at first but then he gets the hang of it. George helps explain some parts but is also almost as lost as he is. When prodded for more information, he swats at Karl and says, "I only watched the games for Dream, I've no idea about how it works!"

He glances at his phone to check the time but his eyes are drawn to a notification instead, a text from Sapnap delivered at 4.55pm. A few minutes before he came onto the field.

watch me.

His heart flutters, a bereft hummingbird beneath his ribcage. He looks to the field, searching for his number seven. He's being tackled, the scene is eerily familiar to yesterday's and while he grimaces at the thought, he keeps watching.

There's no grand finale but the winning goal is a near miss and Karl finds himself standing amongst the crowd, cheering with his entire being.

George's cheer dies down and soon so does his. The cheerleading squad closes the game with a final performance which he and George talk through.

"I'm seeing Sapnap after this."

George's gaze falters, "I thought as much when Dream told me you were coming to the game."

Karl blinks, "Dream?"

"I think Sapnap told him you'd be here."

It wasn't the weirdest thing that had happened but it was definitely unusual of Sapnap to reach out to someone else regarding Karl. He nods, "Weird.", and George hums a sound of agreement.

They see the players heading back towards the locker rooms, passing by the bleachers as they do so. He catches Sapnap looking at him, expression unreadable before he smiles and ducks under a banner out of sight.

He hears movement beside him as George gets to his feet, "Dream'll be here soon."

Karl nods and they idly talk about everything except Sapnap for the next ten minutes. George trails off in the middle of a sentence and Karl follows his gaze, it's Sapnap. Sapnap who is now walking towards them.

"Hey Karl." He nods at the older boy in greeting, "George."

Sapnap's hair is damp from a quick shower and Karl is wary of the crowd still around them. "We can talk later." He tries to appease.

"It has to be now." Sapnap's voice is firm and he's deceptively quick as he grabs Karl's arm and leads him down the steps of the bleachers and onto the field, close to where the cheerleaders were packing up their pom-poms.

He feels on edge, confused and nervous about what Sapnap is going to say to him but when they slow to a stop, he's looking to the team who have emerged from the locker room and are congratulating the losing team for their efforts.

They spot Sapnap and Karl, his rough palm still gripping Karl's arm, and frowns begin to replace the grins they sported less than a minute ago.

Sapnap drops his hand. Karl feels his heart ache once more.

The announcer's microphone takes the place of his arm and Karl begins to panic. The team draws nearer and the cheerleaders have stopped speaking, even the remaining crowd seems to be watching. He can't see George anywhere.

Sapnap clears his throat.

"I've been a bit of a dickhead lately. I haven't considered people's feelings." He pauses. Everyone, including Karl, looks confused.

"I'm not quitting the team." He clarifies and steels his shaky voice, "I'm tired of hurting the people I care about the most. It doesn't make me more of a man to hide my feelings and push people away..."

Someone from the team says confidently, "You're right Sapnap."

Karl is visibly trembling. He knows it won't last. He knows where this is going.

Sapnap turns to Karl, eyes filled with a sadness and freedom he doesn't quite understand yet. "I'm sorry Karl. I know this hasn't been what you wanted. I know you've tried your best."

At last few words, his heart breaks. He has. He's been so trying so hard for so long for Sapnap to just acknowledge them.

"I'm not quitting the team." He repeats, looking directly at them, "I could never quit what I love but I can't quit *who* I love either."

A beat of silence. The voices of the team start to rise. He grabs Karl's hand. "I'm in love with Karl Jacobs and you're going to have to deal with it. I'll see you all at practise tomorrow."

It's a slightly cowardly way out but Sapnap doesn't want to risk either of them getting the life beat out of them by a group of guys who think with their fists over their brains when unfamiliarity rears its head.

Karl's head is spinning and soon, so is his world as Sapnap forces them into a sprint towards what Karl can only think must be his truck. He's right. He can hear the outraged shouts of the team behind them as Sapnap slams the truck's door shut and locks it before stabbing the key into the ignition and speeding off.

There's silence save for the sound of laboured breathing. It takes a second but in the quiet, Karl's brain finally catches up with him as they pull into a cul de sac he doesn't recognise.

"You love me?" The words tumble out of his mouth, unfamiliar and tentative.

"I'm sorry it took me so long to tell you and I'm sorry I made you wait so long for us." Sapnap's hand finds his jaw, his hold is so soft and gentle. It's everything he's ever dreamed of.

Karl leans into the touch, tears slipping from his eyes as a bright smile fixes itself in place. "I..." He places his hand over Sapnap's larger one, "I love you."

He's kissed this boy a thousand times, in midnight parks and empty bathroom stalls, but now as their lips meet, he's filled with a feeling he's never felt before. *Unabashed acceptance*.

There's warmth on his lips, in his heart and on his hands. He never thought he'd get his cliché high

school romance but here he is. It's seven in the evening, the sun has barely dipped below the horizon and he's seated beside the love of his life. The raw emotion of it all is heady.

"I might skip school tomorrow and only show up for practise though." Sapnap starts and Karl bursts into a laugh.

"Oh fuck, how the Hell am I gonna show up tomorrow? They'll kill me!"

Sapnap's face morphs into one of mock contemplation, "They won't...I think? Or will they? Maybe we'll just have to find out, hm?" Karl can't stop grinning and laughter bubbles out of him at the slightest of words from Sapnap.

His phone buzzes loudly along with Sapnap's and they both almost jump. Karl fishes it out of his pocket and unlocks it - a group text from George and Dream.

gogy

:^)<3

dream

we saw. proud of u sapnap

Sapnap smiles as Karl shows him the phone.

"We'll reply later." He mumbles as he brings Karl in for a more bruising kiss. "Stay over at mine tonight?" Although, like always with Sapnap, it's not really a question, more of a request but Karl wouldn't have it any other way.

End Notes

it's been like 3 years since i wrote a fic so i'm a little rusty !!

but if you liked it, please kudos/comment :) appreciate it heaaaaps

stay safe, take care <3

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